5th Year of Publishing!

SHANDA FANTASY ARTS

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Mature readers

Carole Curtis

Katmandu

Katmandu

LOANZAH! COME HERE, NOW!

SHHH, JONNY-

The Peacekeeper

STORY: CAROLE CURTIS
PENCILS: SHAWNTAE HOWARD
INKS: ED GARCIA
LETTERS: CHARLES GRAY

KEMAL, HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR SISTER LOANZAH?

SHE ASKED ME NOT TO TELL, MOTHER.

KEMAL, HER TEACHER SENT A NOTE FROM SCHOOL. I HAVE TO SEE HER.

WELL...

THAT'S FOR GETTING ME IN TROUBLE AT SCHOOL!

AND *THIS* IS FOR PUSHING KEMAL!

POW

UH OH...

--AND YOU, CHILD--

ROWR!!

YOUNG LADY, YOUR TEACHER SENT ME A NOTE. YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING AGAIN.

MOTHER, KANE WAS BULLYING KEMAL AT RECESS.

YEAH, I HAD A DIFFERENT RECESS, SO I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING.

LISKA WOULDN'T LET SOMEONE BEAT UP HER BROTHER,

WOULD SHE?

WHEN WE GET HOME I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HOW *SHE* HANDLED THAT-

THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE MOST *BORING* JOB A WARRIOR HAS, SISTER.

TRUE. BUT I'VE SEEN TOO MANY BATTLES WHERE IF MY —ARROW WASN'T TRUE, I'D BE COLD.

SO- ELISHAA'S PLUMPING UP VERY NICELY. YOU WANT BOY OR GIRL?

HMM- A SON MIGHT BE NICE.

SHAYGIN MUST BE FEEDING YOU WELL. YOU'RE GAINING WEIGHT.

-SPOSE TO.

GOT A KITTEN IN THE BASKET.

YOU? WHEN?

DURING THE VISION QUEST.

RIAL?

AGAIN?

QUIET, LITTLE BROTHER. WHAT I DO AND WHO I DO IT WITH IS *MY* BUSINESS!

TROUBLE COMING-

GET BACK HERE, THEA.

YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO RUN AFTER ANYONE.

JUST IN TIME! ELISHAA, WILL YOU WATCH THEA FOR ME?

I HAVE TO TAKE THIS DINNER TO SOMEONE.

WHO?

HE'S A VISITOR TO THE TRIBAL GATHERING. TONIGHT / FIX HIS MEAL

WELL, I HOPE HE'S A PLEASANT WARRIOR

SO DO I.

HEY, MARKREE! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

HELLO, I HAVE YOUR DINNER FOR YOU.

NO ONE TOLD ME YOUR NAME.

OOOO°

MARKREE IS VERY UPSET.

I WONDER WHO HE'S HEADED FOR?

COME IN-

POWNETKEE TOLD ME I WOULD BE WELL FED.

HE DIDN'T TELL ME HE WOULD SEND SUCH A WELL-BUILT BED SLAVE.

I AM *NOT* A BED SLAVE. I AM THE WIFE OF A WARRIOR.

HERE'S YOUR DINNER.

SAUCY, TOO.

YOU'LL BE WHAT I SAY, GIRL.

I'VE BEEN TOO LONG ALONE ON THE RANGE TO PASS UP THOSE LARGE TEATS.

LET *GO* OF *ME*!

AAAAAA!!

LOOK, IT'S A GOOD KNIFE, I'M NOT SAYING IT'S NOT.

BUT IT'S NOT WORTH A RIDING LIZARD.

COME ON RIAL! I *NEED* A RIDER!

RIAL! I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU!

YOU'VE GOT MY SISTER CARRYING YOUR KITTENS AGAIN!

SO?

SHE WON'T STAY AT YOUR FIRE ALL HER LIFE!

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, MARKREE.

SHE'S MY SISTER, AND WE WOULDN'T BE HERE IF YOU HADN'T STOLEN HER!

STOP IT, YOU TWO! NO FIGHTING IN CAMP DURING THE CLAN GATHERING!

TO SETTLE YOUR DIFFERENCES, COMPETE AGAINST EACH OTHER IN THE INTERTRIBAL TOURNEY.

FINE. I'LL GRIND YOU IN THE DUST, NIGHT FUR!

THIS HAS BEEN COMING FOR SOME TIME. WELL, BAD BLOOD HAS TO BE CLEANED OUT.

LISKA! LISKA, WE NEED YOU!!

MOTHER SONNA? WHAT'S WRONG?

JUST A MINUTE- OUT OF BREATH -RAN ALL THE WAY.

IT'S SHAYGIN.

HMMM-- THIS STEW IS PRETTY GOOD. I WONDER HOW BIG TEATS IS IN THE FURS?

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

ARE THOSE TEATS? WHAT IS THE IDEA OF SENDING A BED SLAVE DRESSED AS A WARRIOR?

YOUR CHIEF HAS STRANGE IDEAS OF HOSPITALITY.

YOUR NAME. GIVE IT!

I'LL GIVE YOURS.

I SEE A FEMALE PRETENDING TO BE A WARRIOR.

I SEE A TRIBE PERMITTING IT. AND *YOUR* NAME AND THAT OF YOUR ENTIRE TRIBE-

YOUR NAME IS "FOOL."

MY CHIEF HAS FORBIDDEN PERSONAL COMBAT DURING THIS TRIBAL GATHERING. BUT I WILL MEET YOU IN THE CONTESTS OF SKILL.

FIGHT A *WOMAN?* THAT WOULD BE A SHORT BOUT. GO BACK TO YOUR -

-COOKPOTS, WHILE I FINISH MY DINNER.

I KILLED THREE BANDITS TO EARN MY WARRIOR SASH. THAT WOMAN YOU LAID HANDS ON IS MY *WIFE!*

I AM LISKA MITSEC-EMAN, WARRIOR.

I MAY HAVE LOST THE DINNER YOUR WENCH MADE ME-

SMASH

ARE YOU *AFRAID* TO FIGHT ME?

BUT I STILL HAVE THE HAIRS I TORE FROM HER HEAD. I BRAIDED THEM AS A DECORATION FOR MY CLUB. *THEM*, YOU WOULD HAVE TO TAKE FROM ME.

YOU WANT *THOSE* BACK? YOU HAVE TO BEAT ME IN COMBAT.

WHEN I DEFEAT *YOU* I WANT SOME OF YOUR HAIR FOR *MY* CLUB.

AS FOR MY NAME, YOU'RE NOT WORTHY OF IT. GO ASK SOMEONE ELSE.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE LOST MY TEMPER. THAT WAS ONE OF SHAYGIN'S FAVORITE POTS. SHE'LL BE SO UPSET...

HIGH CHIEF, I WANT THE NAME OF THE TALL SCARRED VISITOR. HE WAS IMPROPER WITH MY WIFE.

I HAVE HEARD THE CANYON TRIBES WERE WELL-MANNERED. THE TALL ONE IS APPARENTLY AN EXCEPTION.

HE IS CALLED RAKON.

I WISH TO COMPETE WITH HIM IN THE TRIBAL MATCHES.

TAKE CARE, LISKA. HISPEOPLE COUNT HIM A GREAT WARRIOR. HE HAS MANY KILLS.

SO DO I. AND NO ONE ASSAULTS MY WIFE.

WE WILL HAVE WARRIORS BRING HIS MEALS FROM NOW ON.

GOOD. THAT WILL KEEP HIM ALIVE UNTIL THE MATCHES.

CALM DOWN. DON'T WANT TO ALARM SHAYGIN-

SHAYGIN?

HE TOUCHED ME, LISKA. HE PUT HIS MOUTH OVER MINE.

WHEN I BECAME YOUR WIFE I SWORE NO ONE ELSE WOULD TOUCH ME.

YOU DID NOT PERMIT IT, MY SHAYGIN.

BUT I BELONG TO YOU, LISKA! BODY AND SOUL. HE TRIED TO TAKE ME FROM YOU. HE *DID* TAKE SOME OF MY HAIR. WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH IT?

DO NOT WORRY. YOU'RE SAFE HERE. HE WON'T COME NEAR YOU AGAIN. I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT.

WOW! THIS RAKON SOUNDS LIKE A TOUGH ONE.

AH, LISKA'S BEAT HIM AND WE'LL NEVER HEAR ABOUT *HIM* AGAIN.

RIGHT, MOM?

ACTUALLY, LOANZAH, THIS WAS LISKA'S AND RAKON'S FIRST MEETING.

THEY WOULD ENCOUNTER EACH OTHER MANY TIMES IN THEIR LIVES.

REALLY?

...0 UH-OH.

OH, BOY!

NOW WHEN I BEAT UP KANE I CAN PRETEND HE'S RAKON!

YEAH!

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NEXT ISSUE